itself almost overtaken by Ernest Seton's

"Wild Animals I Have Known"-which was

Next, and marching side by side with an

even vote, came Kipling's "Jungle Book"

and Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty." both

animal stories dealing with animals as if

they were more or less human. The next

After these came three upon which the

votes were even: Stevenson's "Child's Gar-

of a Brownie," and Palmer Cox's "Brownies"—the votes for the latter being made

up of votes for any book of the series, as

they are much alike. Three more with

even votes followed: Miss Mulock's "Lit-

tle Lame Prince," Miss Saunders's "Beau-

"The Swiss Family Robinson," "Five Lit-

win, and Miss Alcott's "Little Men." The

round score of books is completed by "Rob-

A Writer of Sea Stories.

Despite the immense popularity of almost

everything which W. W. Jacobs writes,

there is probably no English author about

whose personality readers know less. Ever

since "Many Cargoes" made its appearance

and the word went round that there was a

new funny man, Jacobs's place among the

most widely read authors in this country

has been unquestioned, but as to what man-

ner of man he is there has been little or

that the author of "The Skipper's Wooing"

was what is known in England as a "civil

servant"-in the government savings bank

department-who had suddenly discovered

that he could write the sort of stories the

public wants. Later on came the announce-

ment that, having convinced himself that

he was losing money every day in the gov-

ernment service, Mr. Jacobs had quitted it

ance, age, or tastes were vouchsafed.

still no details as to the humorist's appear-

Probably few of W. W. Jacobs's readers

know what his two unclad initials stand

for. So it may be remarked that the au-

thor's full style is "William Wymark Ja-

seldom permits himself more than a chuckle

when he is amused. He lives in the coun-

try now, near Epping Forest, in which he

Jacobs got his knowledge of the life of

the quays and the shipping through being

born the son of a wharf manager at Wap-ping, on the Thames, below London. His

life as a "clark" in the postoffice began in

1883, and his first literary efforts were con-

tributions to the amateur paper published by the staff. His unique skits therein

their author was encouraged to send a man-

Jacobs is content to write his stories in

ferent fixtures on his desk are arranged

with precision-the ink pot exactly so many

inches above his blotting pad, with two

copy paper in a neat pile on the left. The

author also describes himself as incurably

lazy, and says he never can make himself

begin work until the last possible moment

Talk with Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

"Most persons can turn phrases in the

present day-on paper or in conversation.

partner knows his work, and can explain

it! I'd far sooner people talked to me about

"The truth is, I love people! They're a positive passion with me. The one fault I

is that they're too prone to be subjective

instead of objective. Take Marie Bash-kirtseff and her kind, for instance. A wom-

as a specimen-not as an individual. You

vivisect a frog in order to see what other

frogs are like-not to find out the idiosyn-

crasies of that special one. So with peo-ple. The frog closest at hand is yourself—

"More than anything in the world almost

like to be commonplace and everyday.

bow down before the normal. Even treats

-if they're really exceptional-don't please

to bed she gave a great sigh and said: 'How

I wish this day had been like other days,

"I knew just what she meant. The un-

again, rather an odd thing happened to me

once. A strange man-a stranger man, per-

tention, happened to take me in. We spoke

of things military a propos of the war, and

presently he turned to me and said, 'Is

your husband a soldier, by chance?' I answered, 'No, I'm not married.' The en-

tree had barely departed into the realms of

the unknown when, with an ingraitiating

smile-our conversation having now merged

into the range of things political-he said

I suppose your husband is a politician?

'No,' I repeated, somewhat louder, 'I've no

husband. I'm not married.' Towards the

momentary pause when a hostess is en-

gaged in collecting the eyes of her guests

too much for me. The signal of departure was given. I rose. 'I really don't know,' I said. 'He may be. One never can tell

Wails of a Periodical.

The Third Assistant Postmaster must

have received telepathic compliments from

many of his second-class friends of late.

Just as the last issue of the Literary Col-

lector was ready to be carted to the post-

office there descended an edict from Wash-

ington that the four words "Please do not

fold," which had decorated the mailing

envelopes for the past six mothhs unno-

ticed, by even a solitary postman, made the

magazine liable to four times its usual

postage, and must be removed at once.

The force fell to, with paste, paper, ink

and language, and in a few hours made

the edition look as if a Russian censor had

Gould. The countess is visiting her New York relatives.

COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE'S SONS

The count's two young sons are now in the United States with their mother, who was Anna

what may come of these little parties!"

Literary Collector.

haps I mean!-who paid me little or no at-

"To go back to dinner-party conversation

ordinariness was too much for her.

thrilled her at the time; she was

me. I feel about them as a little child friend of ours felt about some specially smart function which we took her to. It

your sensations

takes long walks.

"Water Babies.

to popularity.

London Letter.

threat, by George."

PROFANITY IS COMMON. and yet you will hear words every day that are not considered elegant and uplifting, uttered in public places and on Central an occasional swear-word on other car lines of the city, but if you are in search of the real article, just board a northbound Central-avenue street car at 6 o'clock in the evening. The car will be crowded to suffocation, with a small army of hungry, tired-out business men packed in like sardines on the little rear platform alongside the sign that reads "Don't stand in this passageway." Up in front, the motorman, surrounded by passengers unable to get inside the car or on the rear platform, murmurs implous things to himself as he struggles to manipulate his motor in his cramped quarters; the pasengers inside whisper little nothings under their breath as they tread on each others' toes, but it's out there on the rear platform that you get the real thing, sometimes plain and sometimes with trimmings, but always recognizable. And where is the policeman that will take it upon himself to rrest these lawbreakers? Where is the citizen so law-abiding that he will not listen helpful words in time of trouble-so chartable and forgiving that he can find it his heart to feel sorry for the street-railexclamatory missiles are directed? The was right. All citizens are lawally, some irresponsibly, some willingly and

AS DR. LORENZ SEES US.

He Speaks His Mind Frankly About America and Americans.

New York Mail and Express.

Dr. Lorenz gave an interesting interview ast night before he boarded the Celtic. He riticised Americans and their modes with erfect candor, and said that, considering ne food used on this side, it was surprising find so many healthy Americans. "I have been what you called 'hustled'

from the moment of my arrival," said the surgeon, "and much that I have seen forms a jumble in my mind. Yet I am perfectly solid on several important points. I think it simply marvelous the way you Amerleans dance around and rush everything. The perpetual motion crank must find lots of satisfaction in watching you Americans. "It used to be a wonder to me-your great growth and prosperity. I understand it all are remarkable.

"I do not understand, though, where you et this wonderful energy. Ninety per cent. of the Americans I have seen or heard about are committing constitutional suicide as fast as possible. Your sauces, puddings, ples and other poisons, taken by old and young with almost every meal, would kill he greatest people, I care not whom.

cases your only god. Nothing is more den like the words of central, "Line's busy!" to American I will not be in such a great question my attention. I never saw so many fine restaurants as in New York. Yet it seems to me that either New Yorkers do constituted as to take full enjoyment in a fine dinner served in luxurious surroundings. Your diners rush in like a frantic lot of chuman beings, grab their food like so many animals and then rush out again. This is especially so of downtown restaurams. I met just five gourmands, how-

pean railroads the finest in the world. Pshaw, they are slow compared to the ones of America. When I got aboard that marvelous train that flashed me to Chicago, I realized that Europe was hopesoly behind America. There is more boothness about your trains and the general speed is greater. The appointment the cars is better and no physical comfort is lost sight of.

"I must except your elevated railroads, would be a riot and much bloodshed.

home. Chicago had left a bad impression on me. There is a provincal air about Chicago. I think the people of that city have a lot of concelt to class their city with New York. Boston? It did not impress me as what I should expect of a eat American city. It is a huge village. here is too much sedateness about it. "The universal appreciation of science here is another surprise to me. The humst took a deep interest in my operations. I had anticipated no such interest. Your espitals are a revelation to me. I have never seen hospitals better equipped and roseate softness and lily-white, feminine managed. There is, however, a tendency on the part of the nurses to be harsh and unsympathetic with patients. The nurses are not to blame. A nurse should not be unduly restricted from exercising her sympathy, for its beneficial results to the pa-

"Your women? You beat us in many things, but your women cannot surpass in loveliness the sex of my native Austria. The American woman is not so timid as is the Austrian woman. Your women are a little too powerful for the men. As a whole, however, your women are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

tient are far-reaching.

A Satisfying Decision. New York Christian Advocate.

have been many of the reasons assigned for it in the history of the country. Had decided to accept the invitation of the every South American republic to appeal for such arbitration, and would have made complications with foreign powers almost | others? certain. It would have struck a blow to The Hague tribunal, which, chiefly through the action of our government, has begun so favorably, from which it would not soon. if ever, recover. What further troubles will arise in that mercurial country before the tribunal can be got into hearing order, none can foresee, though many will claim

January. From Henry Ward Beecher's "Star Pa-

January! Darkness and light reign alike. snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white? So hath God wiped out the past; so hath He spread the earth like an inwritten page for a New Year's. Old sounds are silent in the forest, and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished, and all the foundations of soil remain. Upon this lies, white and tranquil, the emblem of newness and purity, the virgin robes of the yet un-

> C. W. KRIEL, English Block. Main Cigar Store. 06 Monument place.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LAYMAN I LITERATURE BY ONE OF THEM.

The Favorite Books of Children-W W. Jacobs's Personality-How Poe Looked.

The layman in literature who to-day set forth to secure success must be a specialist and equipped with all a specialist's knowledge and apparatus, says Edwin L. Sabin, in Boston Transcript. His mechanical aptitude must equal his literary tact. His tiful Joe," and Foster's "Bible Stories." wares must be presented typewritten, upon | Again, with even votes, came these four: paper flat or folded, not rolled, of which Profanity is not permissible by city law, even the size is sometimes stipulated, and Famous Stories Retold," by James Baldmust not exceed a certain number of words.

If a layman cannot command a typeinson Crusoe" or Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," each having the same claim writer, he might as well go to hard labor; avenue street cars. You may possibly hear he cannot hope, as many laymen do hope, upon buoyantly adopting the "genteel" pro fession of "writing," to do without it-that is, in the one instance without the typewriter, and in the other without working. The day of the goosequill and the home-

> In literary tact, which, greater than mere skill, includes skill, he must be consummate. The multitude of periodicals offers a wide field, but tends to confuse. Each one in the multitude has its unique, special notion as to what it wants-or, to be more generally accurate, what it does not want. To meet this notion a manuscript must fit, no information. It was, of course, revealed as an editor himself puts it, "as the glove

> age magazine the layman must in fact know by intuition what the editor has had for breakfast the morning of the prospective encounter. And if negotiations are transacted by mail, or by other methods unseen, then intuition must be indeed a second sight, extending indefinitely into the in order to "devote himself to writing," but

The layman possessing the tact required will ascertain very early that the St. Nicholas, for instance, does not believe in sticks being placed in naughty boys' stockings at Christmas; that the Brown Book "never thor's full style is "William Wymark Ja-uses stories with scenes laid B. C.:" that cobs." He is a bachelor and his years are fuse the same because it is too short; that younger. He is rather reserved, quiet, and each periodical has its lists of "musts" and of "must nots"-lists seemingly silly enough, but nevertheless compiled with all the canny policy that makes a favorite

Still, taking it for granted that the manuscript will not suit the first periodical to which it is submitted, the array is so large and so varied that eventually will it not exactly fit, somewhere? True, provided postage and patience hold out, and one has the latest catalogue of current literatickled his fellow-employes so much that ture: but amid the thousand openings, what the chance of turning down the right? uscript to To-day. It was promptly accepted by Jerome K. Jerome, then the edi-I declare 'tis worse than the game

'ringing a cane," at the county fair. The layman with luck rapidly forges | tor, with the result that Jacobs soon beahead of the layman with simply skill. It came a regular contributor to the weekly, is luck that impels the layman to send a and that he and the author of "Three Men little boy sketch to an editor just at the in a Boat" quickly got to be especially good moment when that editor happens to be friends. boys, the tenderest touch in the world would not have sold that layman's manuscript. daft upon little boys; it isn't skill, for had

Above everything else, the layman who to-day may reasonably trust to achieve his goal must be a specialist. He must confine himself to one line of wares, and one only. He must write of the cab, or the forecastle, or the range, or the Northwest, or the Southwest, or New York, or Rosedale, or Indidana as differentiated from Ohio. He must create his specialty, and hammer it for doing so has arrived. out, no matter how thin, until his name is

This is the age of specialists, and th now. Your physical and mental energies layman must join the crowd. The world of readers wants adventure, novelty, the bizarre, the amazing, not merely the interesting; and this the editors are bound to I always think the real art of dinner party

mechanical aptitude, and the literary tact, and the bull-headed luck, and actually lands on an editor, with a little boy story, just at the time when that editor is partial time. It should be a case of mutual give to little boy stories. Have you any license to believe that the manuscript is accepted? and take. You give your sympathy and No; the editor hits back-kind of cross- take a great deal of instruction if your counters. "The magazine is overstocked"-

I have read how editors, associate editors, second assistant editors, and office boys sit in their respective sanctums, and eagerly delve into each influx of mail (fancy the joyful job, in this day of rapid transit!) hoping to "discover a new star," fearful to skip a single envelope lest they should miss him, tearful when they find him not, squealing with happiness when they even suspect him, firm, all-seeing, compassionate; and reading, I have felt my heart glow

But mathematics—cold, hard mathematics—intruded itself, so that one day I sat down, and upon the back of a regret slip did some figuring. Given a monthly magazine, which receives six thousand manuscripts per year, and can use only three hundred, how many excellent, altogether acceptable manuscripts must be returned as unavailable. Heaven knows! Maybe none, yet very likely more than several.

Furthermore, in this era of names amid this frantic rush after names, names, names for table of contents-a table with a French menu: reading well, perhaps of course. I had heard a good deal about only ordinary hash-what chance stands crush on the 'L.' I got a friend to the layman when high prices are numerous take me on the road the other evening. enough to occupy every inch of space?

The result was never in doubt. Why, People there are, laymen there are, bline same thing existed abroad there enough to inveigh against their homage to names. They affirm that they themselves "I suppose your tall buildings are nec- can write better stuff; and doubtless they eseary, but few of them are beautiful. doubtless they do, and doubtless The general appearance of Chicago was has the toughest of times squeezing into not inspiring. I am glad I came to New | print. However, the other fellow had the York for a short visit before returning advantage; he was there with the goods when they were wanted, and he has stayed there ever since.

How Poe Looked.

January Century. His arms and hands were slender, and tapered very gracefully and gently down to the ends of his fingers, which were very tender, gentlemanly and ladylike. In fact, his hands were truly remarkable for their delicacy. You could have judged of his nobility by his hands. His face was rather oval-tapering in its

contour rather suddenly to the chin, which was very classical-and, especially when he smiled, really handsome. His countenance was tropical in its aspect-precisely the reverse of his heart, which, like the foun-tains of Solomon, had long been kept sealed up, as something sacred, from the vulgar gaze of the world-his face, whenever he wrote long at any one time, putting on a sickly sallow and rather pallid hue-but never to such an extent as [to] indicate indisposition. His digestion was always good-which is prima facie evidence that he

was never a student. His dress was always remarkably neat for one in his circumstances. But I do not The difficulties between Venezuela and believe that it would have done for him to the powers are not to be arbitrated by have had money. He was ruined in his President Roosevelt. This is a far better | youth. His college life in Virginia was the occasion for singing the Doxology than cause of all his after-inebriation. That was the infernal whirlpool into which was driven the beautiful milk-white ship of his soul, never to be reclaimed. Is it not one powers it would have been a precedent for of the most remarkable things in the world that any man of his ability should have been so amenable to the dictations of

Some Popular Books.

January St. Nicholas. In awarding the prize subscriptions last month it was promised that from the lists sent in by competitors a selection would be made showing what books were considered the best for readers of ten years old and younger. In order that the tastes of our readers might be shown we have noted the books named in their lists and also kept a record of the number of votes given to each book. Before giving the result of the vote we wish to say that the votes are those of young readers, with very few exceptions, and that, although the contestants were over ten years of age, yet all understood that they were selecting books for readers younger than themselves. In many cases letters were sent with the lists saying that the books were those enjoyed by the contestant when young, or were those preferred by a young brother or sister. In short, the vote may be taken as indicating what children consider the favorite books for little ones. There were eighty-four lists submitted, naming about 840 books-of course, many being repeti-The books receiving the highest number

of votes were "Little Lord Fauntelroy" and

THE LITERARY FIELD "Alice in Wonderland," the little ford beating the little lady by only one or two votes.

Next to those came an older favorite, Haw-"Alice in Wonderland," the little lord beatbeen at work. We had considered this a mark of special distinction to our valued publication, but some of our exchanges are thorne's "Wonderbook" ("Tanglewood Tales" coming much lower in the voting), limping in with patches on their envelopes to cover similar wounds, so evidently "our and then Mrs. Wiggins's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" followed closely, and was lot is the common lot of all.

Sordid Novel Writing.

only one step ahead of Charles Kingsley's The pulpit, the press and the novel-these indisputably are the great molders of public opinion and public morals to-day. The novel goes into the home to stay. Its influence penetrates every chink and corner book also has the same quality-"Nights | nuence penetrates every chink and corner with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Har- of the family. Yet novelists are not found wanting who write for money. This would not matter if they wrote the truth. But den of Verses," Miss Mulock's "Adventures these gentlemen who are "in literature for their own pocket every time" have discovered that for the moment the people have confounded the wrong with the right, and prefer that which is a lie to that which is 'Very well, then," say these gentle-"If they want a lie they shall have it," and they give the people a lie in return

The surprising thing about this is that you and I and all the rest of us do not consider this as disreputable. We condemn an editor who selis his editorial columns, and we revile the pulpit attainted of venality. But the venal novelist-he whose influence is greater than either the press or the pulpit-him we greet with a wink and the tongue in the cheek. This should not Somewhere the protest should be The people have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"The man who can address an audience. of 150,000 people who-unenlightened-believe what he says has a heavy duty to perform and tremendous responsibilities to shoulder, and he should address himself to his task not with the flippancy of the catchpenny juggler at the county fair, but with earnestness, with soberness, with a sense of his limitations, and with all the abiding sincerity that by the favor and mercy of the gods may be his."

The Two Zangwills.

New York Evening Sun.

"I suppose any one else would know bet ter," said the girl with no literary pretensions, "but to me Zangwill is Zangwill, and no more needs a given name than if he were a violinist. When I saw on the circulating library shelf 'One's Womankind,' by Zangwill, I fell upon it. I took the book home right in my arms, and read and read. But I failed to get anywhere, and I failed to get any diversion by the way. What is the matter, I thought. Can it be that I am bored by a book of Zangwill's? So I turned back to the title page and saw that "I suppose I am the only living novel reader who didn't know that Louis is the brother of Israel-that they are the Zang-

will-i. But I know all about them now, for I looked them up. "Israel Zangwill says that he was born in 1864, is practically self-educated, was a teacher, then a journalist. Has written novels, essays, poems and plays, and has lectured before large audiences in Great Britain, Jerusalem, Holland and the United

1869, and was educated by private study. That he is a journalist, and that his recreations are study, travel, collecting old furniture and objects d'art. That he won distinction at chess at the age of seventeen, but now only plays occasionally-plays the "Isn't that interesting? Ever so much more interesting than 'One's Woman-

A Hint for Young Readers.

So many excellent portraits of authors is easy to add to the value of your books by inserting not only the portraits of the writers, but views of their homes, their libraries, and also of scenes told about in the books themselves.

Literary Notes.

All the verses in Mr. Kipling's "Just-so will soon be published in a volume by

conversation is to let the other person talk The English woman of to-day, in all her 'shop.' It's the best way of learning. It aspects, is to be discussed in a volume makes them think you so intelligent, too. written by the author of that much assailed book, "The Unspeakable Scot." Mr. Still, I don't like to he talked to all the Crosland calls his new work "Lovely Womand take. You give your sympathy and

Madame Blanc (Theodore Bentzon) is engaged on a translation of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new story, "Lady Rose's Daughwhat they were interested in than what I was. Then you get at the real person—and ter," as it appears month by month in Har- the news. But the m'logo, or wizard, inper's Magazine. Madame Blanc's translation will be published next year in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Among the books sold at Edinburgh the letters for Dr. Felkin. He said he was the real person is always interesting to the

have to find with them in the present day other day as part of the collection of the late Mr. Craibe Angus, of Glasgow, was an ought only to be interested in herself | marginalia in the handwriting of Robert Burns, to whom it belonged. Alongside a reference to Mary Stuart there are these words: "I would forgive Judas Iscariot sooner than Queen Elizabeth. He was a ple. The frog closest at hand is yourself— mercenary blackguard; she a devil, genuthat's your excuse for being interested in ine, real as imported from hell." The book

Whittier was much pleased that I had once attempted to make illustrations for his "Maud Muller," and that I had some Eaton in the Century. Of the "Maud Mulhugely excited. But when she came back | along a country road with his sister. They came upon a very pretty young girl making hay. They stopped and he asked his sister to speak to her. While standing before them the girl raked a little hay over her Ellen Glasgow, who is spending the win-

ter in New York, says that she owes the publication of her first published novel to Harold Frederic. She had taken one novel in manuscript to New York and failed to place it. She went home, wrote another book, and brought it here. It was also rejected. At last she sent the manuscript anonymously to a well-known publisher. It was accepted because the reader into whose hands it fell was sure that he had a book by Harold Frederic, and that the firm couldn't afford to miss it.

The replies of well-known writers to a end of the dinner hour there occurred that literary weekly's request that they name their favorite books of 1902 are interesting. H took advantage of it. With a glow of real interest he turned. 'Does your husband happen to be here to-night?' It was Thomas Hardy names Margaret L. Wood's "The Princess of Hanover;" Theodore tact with these curious people. The Wal-Watts-Dunton, John Oliver Hobbe's "Love and the Soul Hunters;" Frederick Harrimen were tall and powerful and the women son, Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses;" Arthur very good looking. They were, he adds, W. Pinero, De Wet's "Three Years' War:" Maurice Hewlett, Barrie's "Little White Bird;" Miss Braddon, Mary Cholmondeley's | the most absolute dominion over the ne-"Moth and Rust," and H. G. Wells, Henry James's "The Wings of the Dove."

The New Year.

New Year met me somewhat sad: Old Year leaves me tired, Stripped of favorite things I had, Balked of much desired Yet farther on my road to-day, God willing, farther on my way.

New Year comes on apace What have you to give me? Bring you scathe, or bring you grace Face me with an honest face; You shall not deceive me Be it good or ill, be it what you will, It needs shall help me on my road. My rugged way to heaven, please God. -Christina Rossetti.

KNOWN ONLY TO SAVAGES

MYSTERIOUS POWERS OF SETTING ASIDE THE LAWS OF NATURE.

Ability to Walk on Red-Hot Stone with Immunity from Harm-Sending News Without Wires.

That any one should be able to walk distance of twelve feet over red-hot stones with bare feet seems a ridiculous impossibility. Yet that the Marois and other Pacific natives possess the power of accomplishing the feat we have evidence that cannot be disputed.

Not only can certain of these Polynesians walk over the glowing stones unharmed, but they are able to delegate their power to other people. In the Journal of the Polynesian Society, Colonel Gudgeon, British resident at Raratonga, one of the Cook islands, describes such an occurrence. It was on Jan. 20, 1899. For many hours a large fire had been kept up on a foundation of large stones, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the burning embers were raked aside, the colonel found the stones to be so hot that a branch of green wood thrown upon them blazed up in a few mo

The native priest struck the edge of the furnace three times with a branch of the ti-tree, and then he and his pupil slowly walked across. The pupil afterward handed his branch to Mr. Goodwin, another Englishman who was present, and said: "I give my 'mana' (power) over to you. Walk across with your friends." Four white men thereupon walked across, including Colonel Gudgeon. The latter, in describing the experience, says: "I knew quite well I was walking on red-hot stones and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks both at the time and afterward, but that was all."

The Shintos of Japan possess some similar secret. At the Houshi Shinshukyo temple, in the district of Kanda, Tokio, there is a fire-walking performance every halfyear. Another equally extraordinary feat is the "yubana" ordeal by boiling water. At this the devotees literally drench themselves with water out of a cauldron at a galloping boil. It would take the skin off any one else, but not a blister appears upon the bodies of these Shinto priests. The only explanation they vouchsafe is that they draw out the "spirit" of the water, and so it becomes harmless. Think of the value of such a secret to the engine crew of a modern torpedo boat. So-called savages, even of very low types,

are able to do many things which the modern scientist cannot explain, and sometimes to beat the white man at his own game. Mr. Servais le Roy's name is well known to all who take an interest in conjuring. On one occasion this master of mysteries took a trip into the Congo. His feats of magic delighted the natives, and their professional magicians would frequently show the greatest interest in his tricks. At last, however, he met one who was more than his match. This man took an ordinary turnip and made it change into a human face. How he did it the Belgian conjurer has never succeeded in discovering.

Some of these African wizards profess to be able to turn themselves into lions, or other animals, and so travel vast distances, and find out the plans of their enemies. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that these tribes have means of finding out with telegraphic rapidity occurrences at great distances. About five years ago Dr. R. W. Felkin, accompanied Emin Pasha on a tour through Uganda and the territory behind it. The doctor then traveled northwards toward the Soudan. At last he got to Lado, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum. One morning after his arrival a local wizard told him that during the previous night he had been at Meschera el Rek, on the Nile, 550 miles away, and

that two steamers had arrived there. The doctor, who had been away from civilization so long that he knew nothing of the retaking of the Soudan, laughed at coming to Lado and would be there in about thirty days. Thirty-two days later Lupton Bey arrived with letters. As for never was more than a few miles from his native village in his life. It seems certain that he, and others of his kind, must have a far greater command over the mysteries of telegraphy than any tives have means of distributing news of

which we know nothing. The relief of Mafeking was known next day in Zululand and also 700 miles away in the interior of Cape Colony. It has been suggested that runners carry the news from hilltop to hilltop, or that smoke signals are employed. None of these explanations are sufficient, for news travels in a flat. forest country, and even across seas, as quickly as among the South African

The celebrated African traveler, Captain perience when a fortnight's journey south of Adis Adeeba, in Abyssinia. A man rushed into camp shouting: "Walamo! Walamo!" He fell down in a fit, and was a raving lunatic for many hours. His men told the explorer that they were in the country of the Walamo, or "devil-possessed" people. These, they declared, were able to drive a man mad, and it was dangerous to eat in their presence. One of Captain Wellby's men did so, and he, too, went mad. Resolving to put an end to this superstition, the captain himself ate a meal before about a hundred of the Walamo. He thought no more about it until the next morning, when he found himself miserably ill, although up to that date he had not been unwell a single day during his journey.

He confesses that he could find no cause for the evil effects resulting from conamo were by no means repulsive. The men were tall and powerful and the women always laughing and full of fun. The papalei, or obeah man, exercises groes in our West Indian islands, especially Jamaica. He has secrets behind him which give him this power. Some of these wizards have, for instance, the power of infecting an enemy with leprosy. Their knowledge of poisons is far beyond that of the European druggist. Quite recently the old and trusted servant of a British official in Jamaica went off his head and was evidently unable to understand what was said to him. His wife declared that he must have unwittingly offended the obeah man.

His master said that was all nonsense, and put the man under the care of a firstrate European doctor. After three weeks, during which the unfortunate man got steadily worse, the doctor gave him up as incurable. His wife thereupon took him up the mountain to the obeah man's house. The latter examined him, and then mixed some leaves into a thick green paste and made him eat them. Three days later he was quite well again.

The Toys.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, And moved and spoke in quiet grown up wise, Having my law the seventh time disobeyed, I struck him, and dismissed With hard words and unkissed, His mother, who was patient, being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed. But found him slumbering deep, With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet

From his late sobbing wet,

And I, with moan,

Kissing away his tears, left others of my own; For on a table drawn beside his head He had put within his reach A box of counters and a red-veined stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach, A bottle with bluebells, And two French copper coins, ranged there with

careful art, To comfort his sad heart. So when that night I prayed To God I wept and said: Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath Not vexing Thee in death And Thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys, How weakly understood The great commanded good, Then, fatherly not less

Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,

Thou'll leave Thy wrath and say, "I will be sorry for their childishne

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